

MODERN

COMICS

10¢

QUALITY
COMICS
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SEPTEMBER

No. 101

BLACKHAWK AND THE HORDE OF TERROR!



Also in this issue-

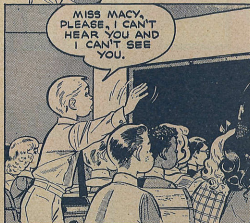
WILL BRAGG, MASTER OF BLUSTER
TORCHY, THE BLONDE BOMBSHELL
EZRA, TEEN-AGE ROMEO



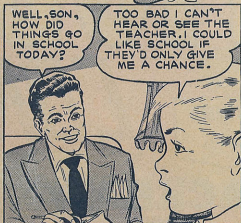
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Better schools make better communities



MISS MACY, PLEASE, I CAN'T HEAR YOU AND I CAN'T SEE YOU.



WELL, SON, HOW DID THINGS GO IN SCHOOL TODAY?

TOO BAD I CAN'T HEAR OR SEE THE TEACHER. I COULD LIKE SCHOOL IF THEY'D ONLY GIVE ME A CHANCE.



WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, DAD? ALL THE CHILDREN SAY THE SCHOOL IS CROWDED. THEY GO ONLY HALF A DAY.

IF ALL OUR NEIGHBORS WORK TOGETHER, WE CAN GET MORE AND BETTER SCHOOLS. CHILDREN NEED GOOD SCHOOLS. EVERY COMMUNITY NEEDS PEOPLE WHO HAVE LEARNED HOW TO WORK AND BE HAPPY BY GOING TO SCHOOL.



NO MATTER WHAT YOUR CHILDREN GROW UP TO BE, YOU NEED A GOOD SCHOOL.



WHEN YOU GROW UP AND VOTE, YOU WILL NEED AN EDUCATION.

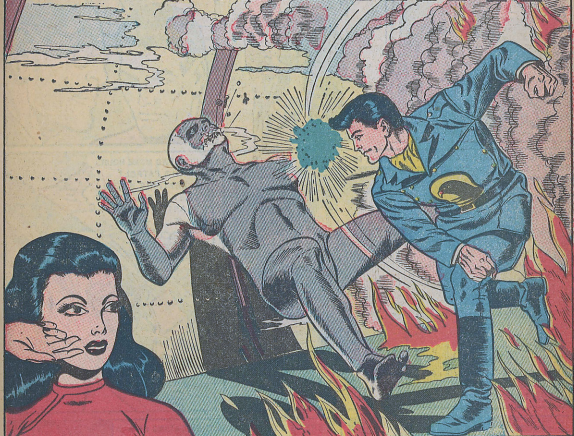


JERRY TASANO



TELL YOUR MOTHER AND FATHER THEY CAN LEARN HOW OTHERS WON BETTER SCHOOLS BY WRITING TO - "NATIONAL CITIZENS COMMISSION FOR THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS 2 WEST 46TH STREET NEW YORK 19 NEW YORK"

BLACKHAWK



NEARER AND NEARER EARTH, ACROSS
THE MIND-STAGGERING DISTANCES
OF SOUNDLESS AND FRIGID SPACE,
THE BLAZING COMET APPROACHES...

FROM THE DEPTHS OF OUTER SPACE THEY CAME... ON
A VOYAGE OF INCREDIBLE MYSTERY! NO MAN COULD GUESS
THEIR MISSION! YET *THE BLACKHAWKS* KNEW THAT IF
THESE STRANGE CREATURES RETURNED FROM WHENCE
THEY CAME, HORRIBLE AND DEVASTATING DEATH WOULD
FOLLOW IN THE WAKE OF THEIR DEPARTURE!

SO THE DARK KNIGHTS OF THE SKIES GAMBLERED THEIR
OWN LIVES IN ONE LAST, DESPERATE, COURAGEOUS
EFFORT TO STEM THE ONSLAUGHT OF THE "CREATURES
FROM OUTER SPACE!"



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AND IN THEIR LABORATORIES, ASTRONOMERS TENSELY WATCH THE FIERY IMAGE GROW IN THEIR TELESCOPE!

THE COMET WILL PASS URANUS IN A FEW DAYS!

I'VE PLOTTED ITS PROBABLE COURSE ON THE SOLAR CHART! IT SHOULD PASS BY EARTH AT A DISTANCE OF SEVERAL MILLION MILES!

LET'S HOPE IT COMES NO NEARER...OR THE TERRIBLE HEAT WILL INCINERATE EVERY LIVING THING ON THIS PLANET!

THIS WILL GIVE US AN UNPRECEDENTED CHANCE TO STUDY A PLANET AT CLOSE RANGE! I WONDER WHAT SECRETS WE WILL DISCOVER?

ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, AS CHUCK IS FLYING PATROL OVER A LONELY DESERT SITE...

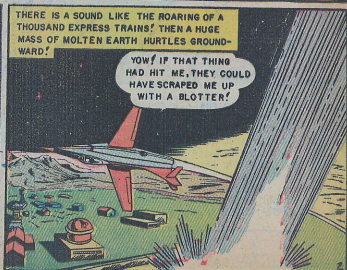
JUST TWO MORE HOURS OF THIS PATROL! EVERYTHING SEEMS QUIET AT THE ATOMIC PLANT! I WONDER IF...

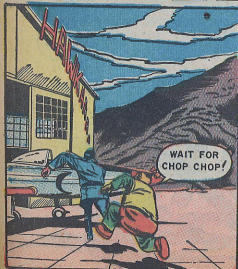
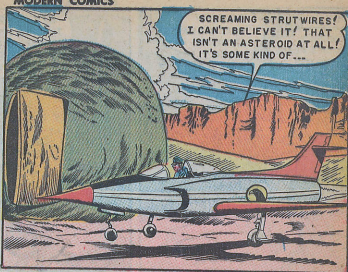
THERE'S THE COMET EVERYONE'S BEEN TALKING ABOUT! IT LIGHTS UP THE WHOLE SKY LIKE AN AURORA BOREALIS!

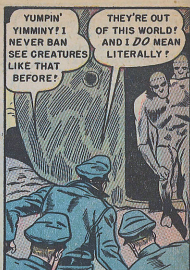
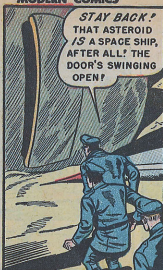
GREAT GUNS! WHAT'S THAT?

THERE IS A SOUND LIKE THE ROARING OF A THOUSAND EXPRESS TRAINS! THEN A HUGE MASS OF MOLTEN EARTH HURTLES GROUNDWARD!

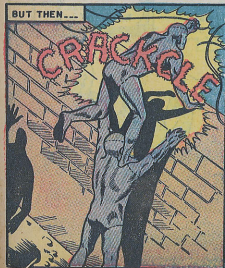
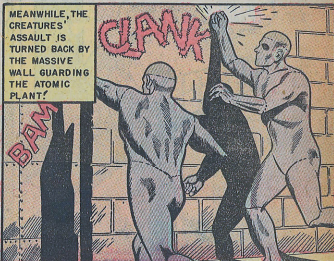
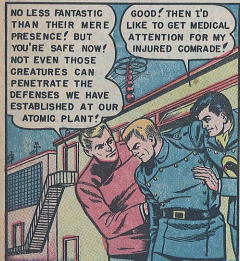
YOW! IF THAT THING HAD HIT ME, THEY COULD HAVE SCRAPPED ME UP WITH A BLOTTER!

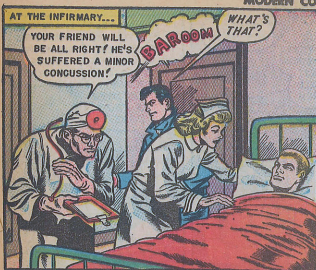






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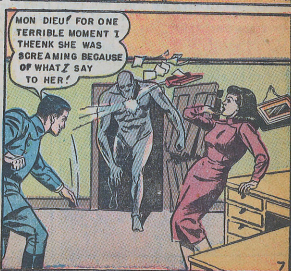
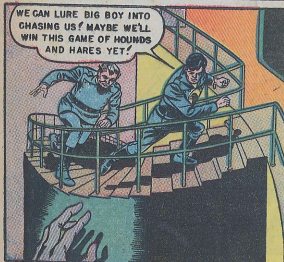


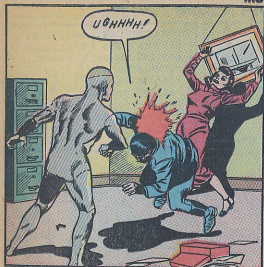


AN INSTANT LATER BLACKHAWK IS SEIZED IN A VISELIKE GRIP!

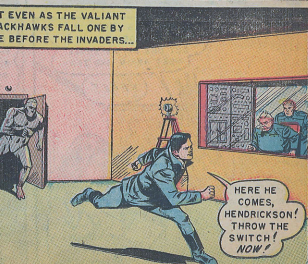
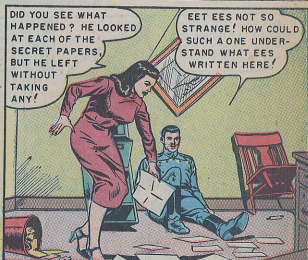


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FOR A LONG MOMENT THE BIZARRE CREATURE STARES TRANSFIXED AT THE SECRET DOCUMENTS... A WHIRRING SOUND FILLS THE ROOM!



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THUNDER FILLS THE CAVERNOUS ROOM AS CRASHING LIGHTNING BOLTS BEAT AN ECHOING TATTOO AGAINST THE INVADER!



IT WORKED! HE'S STARTING TO FALL!



JA! BUT IT TOOK TWENTY MILLION VOLTS OF ARTIFICIAL LIGHTNING TO STOP HIM!

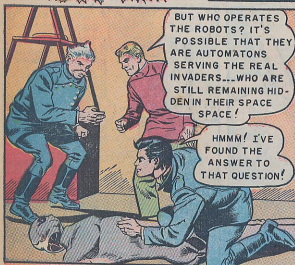
SOON...

THIS IS THE MOST CUNNINGLY CONTRIVED ROBOT I'VE EVER SEEN! IT'S OPERATED BY A REMOTE CONTROL ELECTRICAL PACK!

THAT BLAST OF MAN-MADE LIGHTNING SHORT CIRCUITED ITS CONTROLS!

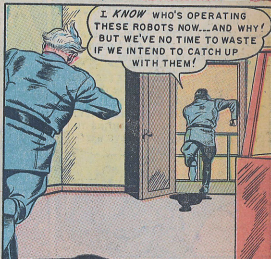


BUT WHO OPERATES THE ROBOTS? IT'S POSSIBLE THAT THEY ARE AUTOMATONS SERVING THE REAL INVADERS...WHO ARE STILL REMAINING HIDDEN IN THEIR SPACE SPACE!



HMMM! I'VE FOUND THE ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION!

I KNOW WHO'S OPERATING THESE ROBOTS NOW...AND WHY! BUT WE'VE NO TIME TO WASTE IF WE INTEND TO CATCH UP WITH THEM!



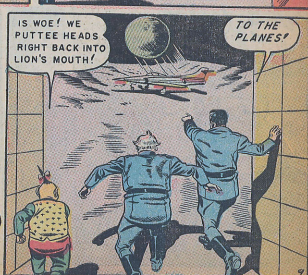
STRANGE CREATURES RUN AWAY! THEY GO BACK TO SPACE SHIP! OH, JOY IS HERE!



THEY MUSTN'T ESCAPE! WE'RE GOING AFTER THEM!

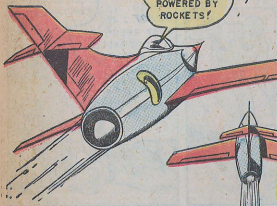
IS WOE! WE PUTTEE HEADS RIGHT BACK INTO LION'S MOUTH!

TO THE PLANES!



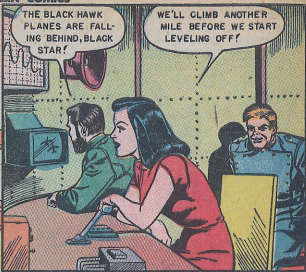
HIGHER AND HIGHER INTO THE STRATOSPHERE THE GRIM PURSUIT CONTINUES!

WE'RE ALMOST AT OUR CEILING NOW! BUT THEIR SHIP IS STILL CLIMBING! IT'S POWERED BY ROCKETS!



THE BLACK HAWK PLANES ARE FALLING BEHIND, BLACK STAR!

WE'LL CLIMB ANOTHER MILE BEFORE WE START LEVELING OFF!



YOU SEE HOW FALSE WERE YOUR HOPES THAT YOUR COMRADES WOULD RESCUE YOU! BLACK STAR HAS BEATEN THEM ALL! SOON WE WILL BE BACK IN MY NATIVE COUNTRY!

I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THESE KNOTS FOR HOURS! I THINK THEY'RE STARTING TO GIVE WAY!



THAT DID IT! I'M FREE!



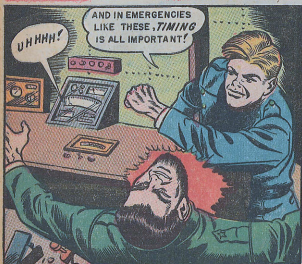
LOOK OUT!

THAT WARNING CAME A SECOND TOO LATE, BLACK STAR!



UHHHH!

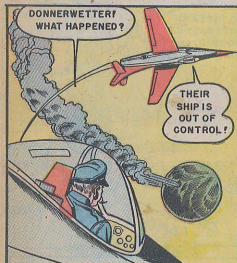
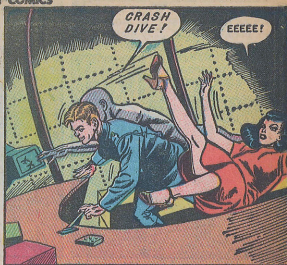
AND IN EMERGENCIES LIKE THESE, TIMING IS ALL IMPORTANT!



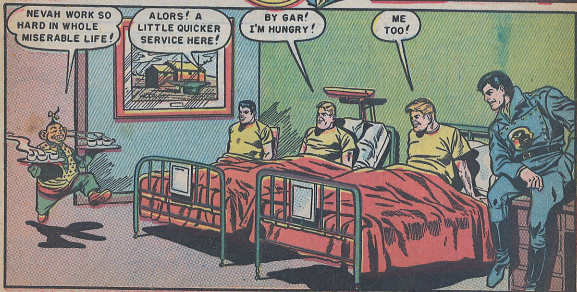
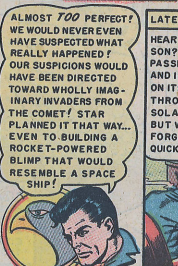
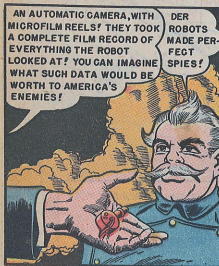
YOU WON'T NEED THIS GUN ANYMORE, BLACK STAR!

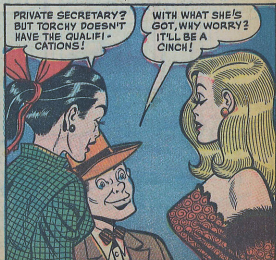
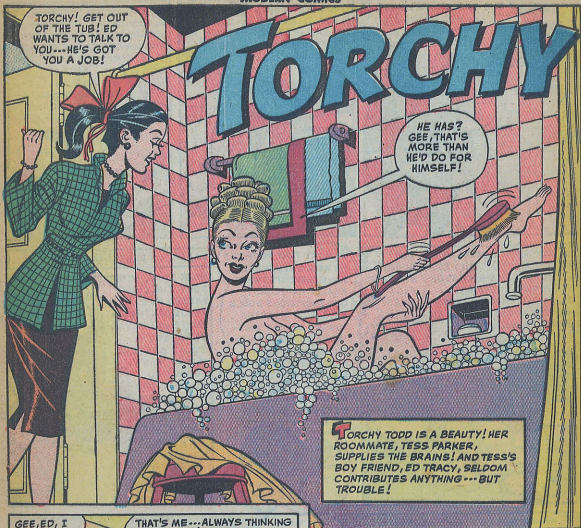
YOU'RE SO RIGHT! THIS ELECTRIC BUZZER SETS MY ROBOT IN MOTION!

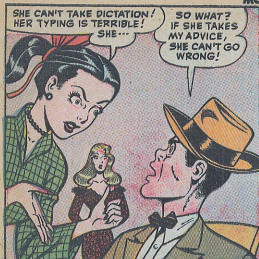




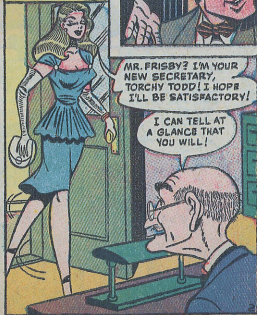


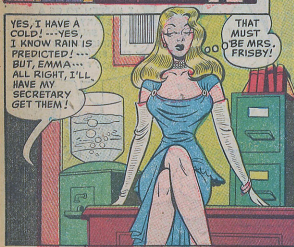
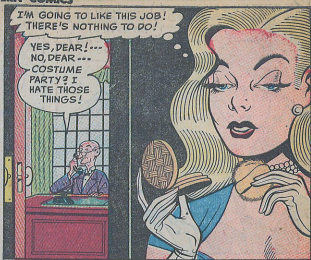


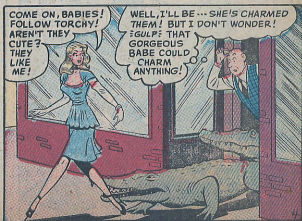
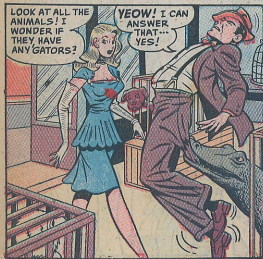


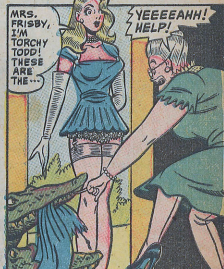
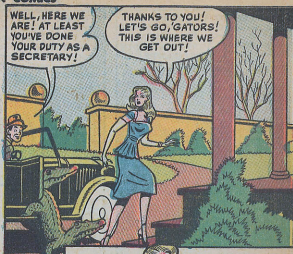
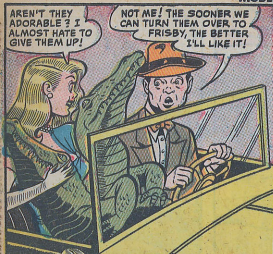


NEXT MORNING...





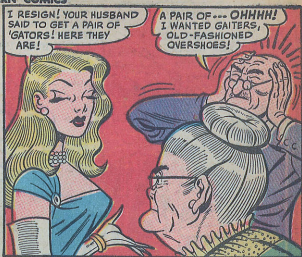






EXPLAIN? MR. FRISBY, AS YOUR SECRETARY, I DID WHAT I WAS TOLD! AND IT WASN'T EASY!

SECRETARY? THAT IMMODEST WOMAN? SHE'S FIRED!

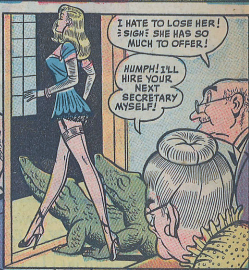


I RESIGN! YOUR HUSBAND SAID TO GET A PAIR OF 'GATORS! HERE THEY ARE!

A PAIR OF--- OHHHH! I WANTED GAITERS, OLD-FASHIONED OVERSHOES!



OVERSHOES? HERE'S FIFTY DOLLARS---A WEEK'S SALARY! THEN WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY OVER-SHOES? WHEN YOU LEAVE, TAKE THOSE---ER--- THOSE REPTILES WITH YOU!



I HATE TO LOSE HER! SIGH! SHE HAS SO MUCH TO OFFER!

HUMPH! I'LL HIRE YOUR NEXT SECRETARY MYSELF!



WHEN TESS COMES HOME FROM WORK---

HI, KIDS! TORCHY, HONEY, HOW DID THE JOB GO?

I LOST MY JOB---AND MY SKIRT! AND I LOST THE SEAT OF MY PANTS!

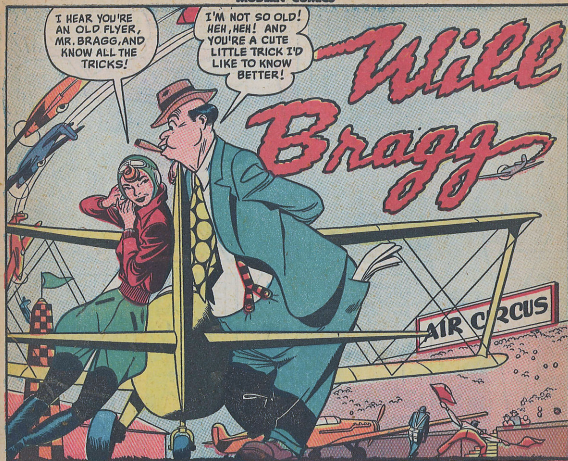
BUT I MADE SIXTY DOLLARS! FIFTY WAS MY WEEK'S SALARY AND TEN WAS TO BUY GAITERS!

BUY WHAT? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

BUT I DIDN'T HAVE TO BUY THEM! I GOT THESE TWO DARLING ALLIGATORS FREE!

ALLIGATORS! TWO MORE MOUTHS TO FEED! I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT BUT I DEFINITELY CAN'T AFFORD IT!





DISPENSER OF HOT AIR AND THE BIGGEST WINDBAG IN TOWN --- THAT'S WILL BRAGG!



THIS IS THE DAY OF THE BIG AIR CIRCUS, EH, SWENSON?

YOU KNOW IT IS! AND AS CHAIR-MAN OF THE EVENT, I'M BUSIER THAN A ONE-ARMED PAPER HANGER WITH THE HIVES!

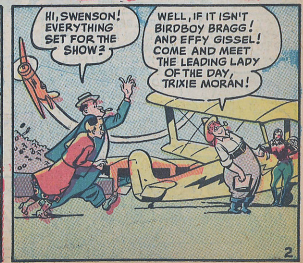
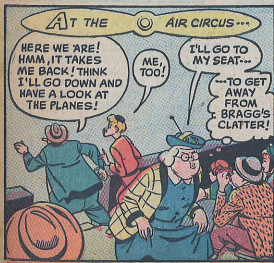
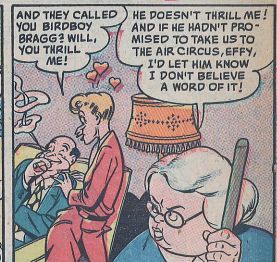
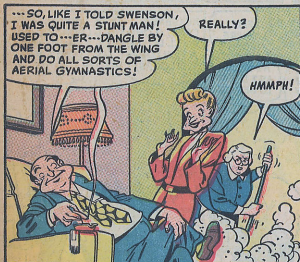
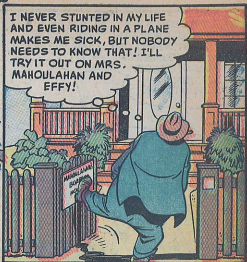
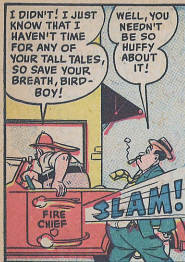


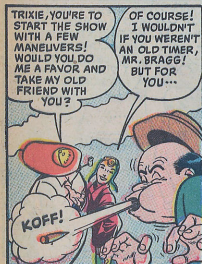
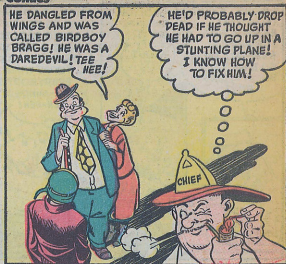
I'LL BE THERE! WOULDN'T MISS IT! I USED TO BE QUITE A FLYER MYSELF!

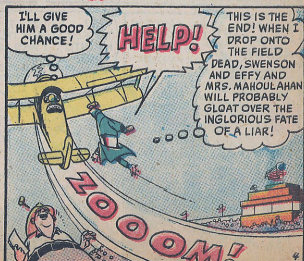
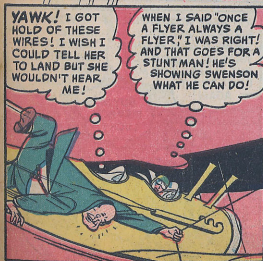
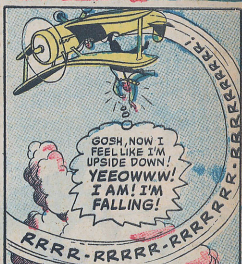
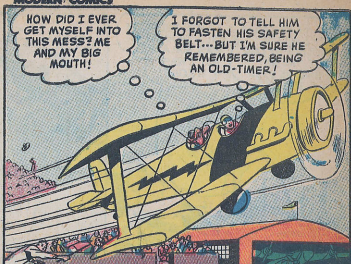
YEAH? I SUPPOSE YOU WERE ALSO A STUNT MAN AND HUNG BY YOUR HEELS!

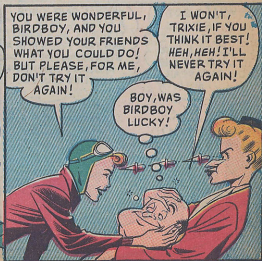
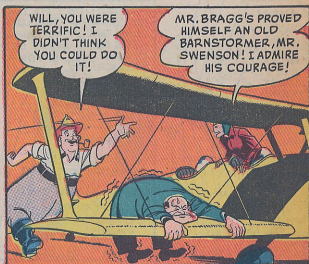
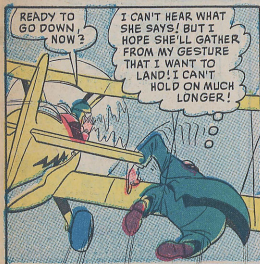
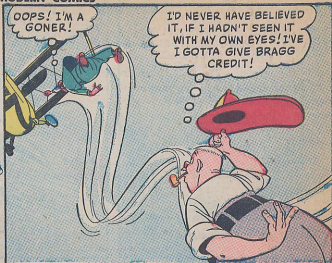


I WAS! BIRDBOY BRAGG, THEY USED TO CALL ME! HOW DID YOU KNOW?









The HUMAN REPTILE

AS the moon came out from behind the clouds, it sent dark shadows scudding along the deserted street. But one shadow, denser than the rest, moved swiftly. It was a man, running for his life. In the circle of light beneath a street lamp, he paused and listened.

There was the sound of boots racing on the pavement. The man shuddered. In the revealing light his ferret-like face twisted with indescribable fear. The fear that only a man hunted down by the Blackhawks can ever know.

He turned down an alleyway, running hard. His legs drove him onward into the enveloping darkness. His heart beat with a maniacal rhythm.

Suddenly he plunged forward onto his face.

"Mon dieu," said a voice. "You should watch where you go, mon ami. I believe you tripped over my foot."

In the darkness the second man loomed, a man wearing a tailored blue uniform, visored cap, and the dread symbol of The Blackhawks.

"Permit me to introduce myself," he said. "My name is Andre."

The other made a strangled sound in his throat; he was too terrified for ordinary speech.

"And you are Ellery Vallard," Andre continued in silky tones, "sometimes known as Ellery the Rodent. One must admit, mon frere, that you are aptly named."

Still the other man did not speak. His tortured eyes watched Andre as though expecting a blow. He cringed in every atom of his being.

Now the other Blackhawks arrived: Chuck, and Stanislaus, Hendrickson and Olaf. Then the mighty Blackhawk himself. Ellery looked from one to the other of the implacable faces with a mounting panic.

"I'll tell," he gasped. "I'll tell everything. We were smuggled into the city by motorboat. When we found you were pursuing us, Mordred suggested we split up. I took the satchel. But he took the bomb."

"We found the empty satchel," Blackhawk replied. "Now tell us where we can find Mordred—and the bomb. Surely you arranged to meet him somewhere."

Ellery nodded. "At the city zoo. He's to plant the bomb there. It has a timing device that will

explode it in an hour. By then Mordred and I figured to be safely out of range."

"Close figuring," said Blackhawk. "An atom bomb of that power can lay waste a large area. Your masters must have paid you well for such a risk. Take care of him—Chuck, Hendrickson. I'm going after Mordred before he sets off that infernal bomb."

* * *

Except for the sibilant whisper of the reptiles, the snake pit at the zoo was silent. The air was oppressive. Abruptly a flashlight cut across the dimness.

Modred stood up, blinking in its glare.

"So you've found me," he said. "Go ahead and shoot, Blackhawk. But you'll never find the bomb. It's too well hidden. So we'll all die together!"

"Perhaps," said Blackhawk. "But shooting is too easy a death for you. I prefer—*this*."

Blackhawk reached out and unlatched the covers of the long boxes ranged at the side wall of the snake building. Mordred watched with horrid fascination as the sibilant humming increased, and the snakes slithered out onto the glass floor at their feet.

"One hour of agony," said Blackhawk. "That will be your finish when their fangs sink into you. You never were a very brave man, Mordred. Can you face a death like that?"

On the glass floor beneath the cages a green mamba writhed sinuously. Suddenly Mordred began to whimper. It was a piteous sound—the syllables of abject fear. He pointed with a shaking hand to a corner of the snake pit.

"Over there?" said Blackhawk. "So that's where you've hidden the bomb. Go get it, fellows—and make sure you pull out the fuse."

Later, as Mordred and Vallard were turned over to the FBI, the chief asked one question.

"How did you know," he asked, "that those snakes you freed wouldn't kill Mordred, yourself, and all your friends? You took a long chance."

Blackhawk smiled. "Not at all," he said. "What Mordred didn't know is that *snakes can't move on glass*. That's why the floor beneath is made of glass. The poor serpents were completely helpless—except for catching human reptiles."

EZRA

EZRA, YOU'RE
SO BRAVE!
I SIGH!

HE THINKS THAT'S
ME! HE WON'T BE
SO BRAVE WHEN
HE FINDS OUT
IT'S A REAL
BEAR!

SANLEY

HEY, EZ, DID YOU SEE
THE MORNING PAPER?
A GRIZZLY BEAR
ESCAPED FROM
THE ZOO!

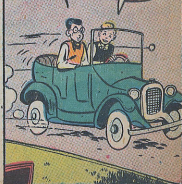
IT DID, ROLLO?
YOU MEAN
IT'S ON THE
LOOSE? GEE!

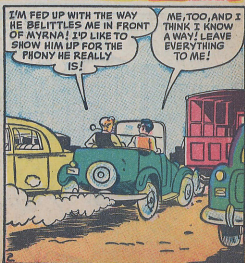
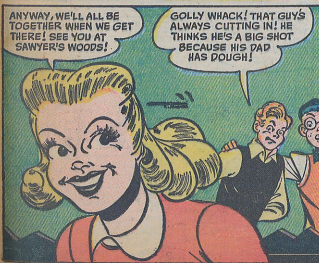
IF YOU CAME FACE
TO FACE WITH
THAT BEAR,
WOULD YOU
BE SCARED?

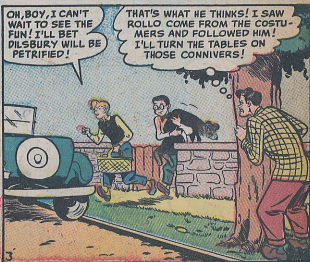
MAYBE! I
WOULDN'T
LIKE GETTING
CHUMMY WITH
A GRIZZLY!

ME, NEITHER!
WHERE ARE
WE GOING?

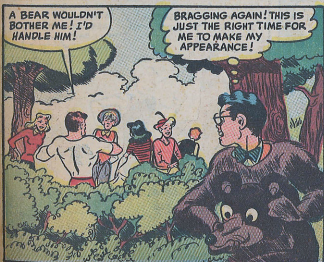
TO MYRNA'S
HOUSE--- TO SEE
ABOUT PICKING
HER UP FOR THE
PICNIC THIS
AFTERNOON!

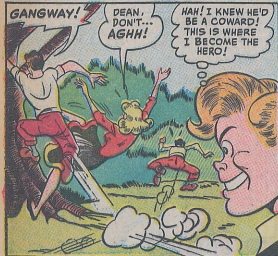


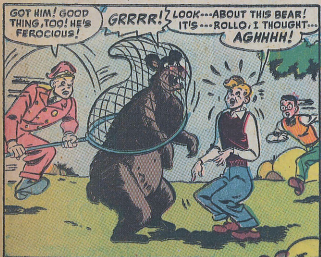




MODERN COMICS





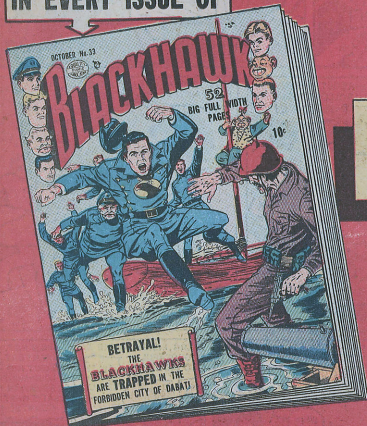


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Rex Ferris

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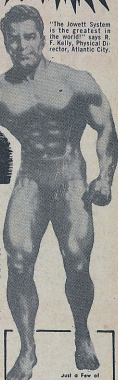
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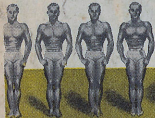
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What's My Job? - I Manufacture Weaklings into MEN!

Charles Atlas

Actual Photograph of the man who holds the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

GIVE ME a skinny, peepless, second-rate body—and I'll cram it so full of handsome, bulging new muscle that your friends will grow bug-eyed! . . . I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered motor! Man, you'll feel and look different! You'll begin to LIVE!



Let Me Make YOU a NEW MAN —IN JUST 15 MINUTES A DAY!

You wouldn't believe it, but I myself used to be a 97-lb. weakling. Fellows called me "Skinny." Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. I was a flop. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on top of the world in my big, new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

What Is "Dynamic Tension"? How Does It Work?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astounded at how short a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell, ripple . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

One Postage Stamp May Change Your Whole Life!

As I've pictured up above, I'm steadily building broad-shouldered, dynamic MEN—day by day—the country over.

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Take just a few seconds NOW to fill in and mail the coupon at right, and you will receive at once my FREE book—"Everlasting Health and Strength" that PROVES with actual snap-shots what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others—what it can do for YOU! Address: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3309 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

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1945 Series - Quality Comics, September 1950, coverprice 0.10 , 36 pages.

Format: Standard Golden Age U.S.; Full Color; Glossy Cover; Newsprint Interior; Saddle-Stitched; Was On-Going Series

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Cover Feature: Blackhawk

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Lou Mougin .

Stories/features:

1. Creatures From Outer Space

Feature: Blackhawk

2. [The Private Secretary Gig]

Feature: Torchy

3. [The Air Circus]

Feature: Will Bragg

4. The Human Reptile

Feature: Blackhawk

5. [The Bear Scare]

Feature: Ezra

Series info

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(Sequence 1 , 13 pages)

Feature Story: Blackhawk

Genre: adventure; war

Indexer notes:

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[The Private Secretary Gig]
(Sequence 2 , 6 pages)
Feature Story: Torchy

Credits:
Gill Fox (Script), Gill Fox (Pencils), Gill Fox (Inks),

Genre: sitcom; adult

[The Air Circus]
(Sequence 3 , 5 pages)
Feature Story: Will Bragg

Credits:
Jack Cole (Pencils), Jack Cole (Inks),

Genre: humor

The Human Reptile
(Sequence 4 - Text Story , 1 page)
Feature Story: Blackhawk

Credits:
? (Script), Typeset (Letters).

Reprinted: In Blackhawk (Quality, 1944 series) #71

Genre: adventure; war

[The Bear Scare]
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Credits:
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